SOBS PREVAIL IN THE PLAYS WHICH HOLD BROADWAY

Dog Star Seeks His Life Work in Drama

Jasper of "Young America" Finds Straight Comedy Much More Engrossing Than Mere Vaudeville.

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

The dog star yawned and bang went another illusion. Before we called on Jasper, the leading figure in "Young America," the canine comedy at the Astor, we had figured out just the sort of a story we wanted to write.

"Here at last," we thought, "is a star who doesn't care in the least for applause, a star to whom the centre of the stage means nothing, an actor without temperament, a player without pride, a matinee idol who is not in the least blasé and a performer who never talks about himself."

Jasper does not talk, but all the other vices of the stage are his. Dixie Taylor, the owner of the dog, assured us that Jasper was broken hearted if an audience treated him coldly. He takes a curtain now in "Young America" and barks at first one stage box and then the other with scrupulous impartiality.

In the first place, Mr. Taylor assured us that Jasper was not a trained dog. Such a name connotes the mere trickery of routine instruction. Jasper is a thinking dog.

"He understands everything I say," explained the owner, and proceeded to make the dog identify articles in the dressing room. Without the least hesitation Jasper pulled a handkerchief out of a man's pocket, closed the door, indicated with his paw the window, the water bottle, a chair and a table.

The dog did his tricks readily, but without enthusiasm. As he might have said in the vernacular of the vaudeville, which he has outgrown, they were "small time stuff" for a dog who thinks and acts. There isn't a doubt in the world that Jasper does act and in his acting becomes carried away with his part. Mr. Taylor has a three-inch wound in his right forefinger as a proof of the dog's sincerity.

"No, sir," said the owner, "that dog never bit me or anybody else in his life before, but when we have that fight in the first act he acts just like he was mad. Of course, he's not really mad, but he got so excited in the dress rehearsal that he put his teeth in me right there. He'd bite me again in the regular performances, but I wear heavy gloves now."

Mr. Taylor admitted that the dog did not rehearse with the other actors. "You see," he explained, "we had to take him out of rehearsals because he learned one set of cues and didn't want to switch to another. Oh, yes, he knows all his cues and the cues of most of the other members of the company."

"It's a funny thing," Mr. Taylor continued, "but that dog likes a straight show ever so much better than vaudeville."

"It gives more scope to his art," we suggested.

Taylor nodded. "It's partly that, I suppose," he said, "but I always figured that it was the people he liked better. Jasper knows good people when he sees them. It was a funny thing when we were in vaudeville he'd make friends with everybody on the bill, but he was a lot more cordial to some people than others. He liked song and dance people the best. He was always cold to acrobats."

We feared that soon our belief might be taxed, and so we switched the subject away from caste to hygiene. "You have to take pretty good care of that dog's health," we remarked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Taylor. "That dog's teeth are brushed with a toothbrush and powder every morning and every night."

We should have said something right there about as clean as a hound's tooth, but we did not think of that until after we had left the theatre. As a matter of fact, Jasper is not a hound; at least, only in part. His father was an English bull and his mother an Italian greyhound. Any breeding which we may have mentioned in our first night review of the show was erroneous. The greyhound strain is useful to Jasper, for he is called upon to jump against a door in the first act and he gets pretty high in some of his leaps.

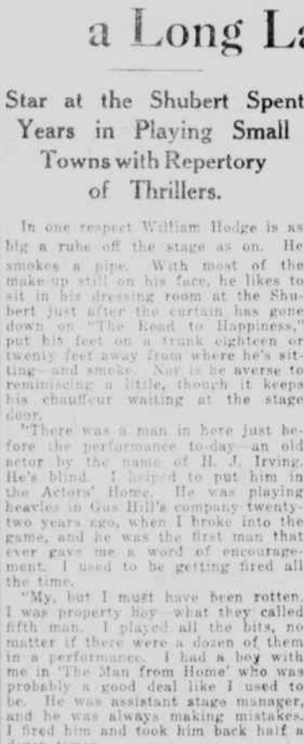
Early in this story we said that Jasper had all the vices of the stage, but upon second thought that must be modified. We had almost forgotten that Dixie Taylor said: "Whenever I try to smoke that dog annoys me so I have to throw my cigar or cigarette away. He can't stand liquor in any form, either."

So much was excellent, but as we left the room the dog was standing on his hind legs, gravely regarding himself in the mirror.

Dixie Taylor called us back. "Say," he asked, "are you going to talk to any of the other people in the company?"

"No," we answered, "but why?"

"Well," he replied, "if any of them knocked my dog I wanted you to understand that they're all jealous because he's the star."



JASPER.

"The debut of a promising canine actor in a new play," says a recent editorial paragraph in "The World," "will inevitably suggest reflections on the progress of Broadway's activities toward the elevation of the drama."

And yet there are excellent precedents for the use of trained animals in the drama. Act 3, Scene 3, of "The Winter's Tale" contains the following stage direction for Antigonus: "Exit, pursued by a bear." The bear was trained, we trust.

It has been said that "No. 33 Washington Square" has some thin spots. May Irwin is not one of them.

Ned Wayburn's big revue, which is to open at the Century Theatre soon, includes in its cast the last four members of the original English pony ballet. There were sixteen ponies when the ballet first came here some six or seven years ago, but marriage, vaudeville and spavin have thinned the ranks. Some of the ponies grew up and just had to be graduated, but the four who remain are just as small as in the days when they wore their hair down their backs, and they dance as well, too, as they did when they first arrived.

By the way, although there are several ballets in Wayburn's revue, there are no ballet girls. Bless your heart, no! The little dears are tone impressionists.

An American dramatist who writes a play of the soil is hard put to it to preserve the literary quality. "If he wallops her in the jaw, I'll bust him in the eye," we quote from "Young America." The line is of the soil, true enough, but possibly its literary value is open to dispute.

"What way will yourself be that day, Daniel Burke? What way will you be that day and you lying down a long while in your grave? For it's bad you are living and it's bad you'll be when you're dead."

This is spoken in the same spirit as the other line and it is also of the soil, yet it has certainly more of the quality of which books are made. We quote from Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen."

Jane Cowl Finds Wages Of Stage Sin Not Bad

Playing Wicked Characters Brought Fame to the Heroine in 'Common Clay' at the Republic.

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

The wages of sin is a thousand dollars a week. The amount, being a theatrical salary, is not guaranteed under the pure farce and drama act. But it is within a few hundred dollars of the right figure, one way or another. In the theatrical business one deals carelessly with a few hundred dollars, particularly when they are the property of another.

In the olden days, of course, people did not paint sin in so attractive a guise. Not many years ago, in fact, sin was distinctly frowned upon. It had not then been taken up by the best people. And as for the wages thereof it was freely rumored about that they were death.

But as the nation became more enlightened it began to pay some attention to its wage scale, and presently an investigation conducted by the commission of something or other decided that sin was being grossly underpaid. Thereupon there were conferences, and the testimony of witnesses was taken and ultimately it was decided to inaugurate the present rate of compensation.

At this point, before the reader assumes that the story is written in collaboration with Satan, it should be specified that the reference is to vicarious sin. No other need apply. Real sin will continue to be punished as it deserves, but the rewards of vicarious sin shall multiply and grow larger, even until they increase beyond all recognition.

Having made the dramatic concessions demanded by good technique, it is now fitting and proper to introduce the leading lady. The way has been carefully paved and the entrance led up to by the conversation of the minor characters—wherefore behold Miss Jane Cowl. Undoubtedly it is extraneous to add that Miss Cowl is playing Ellen Neal in "Common Clay," which, in turn, is playing eight times a week in the Republic Theatre.

Half an hour before curtain time a few evenings ago Miss Cowl received the interviewer in—hold on; don't jump at conclusions. It is not the intention to interpolate here a long and technical description of a marvellous gown and its accessories. Unless he be possessed of uncanny power of will, the eyes of him who talks with Jane Cowl will not stray beyond the face. Possibly the sweep of the throat—but this is an interview.

Miss Cowl, then, received the interviewer in her dressing room. The formalities having been run through, the conversation lost little time in turning to the question of sin. It made a brief foray into the by-products, and took up good women, bad women and the difference between them. It bristled with innocence and wickedness.

Whereupon it was speedily discovered that sin—vicarious sin, mind you—has done a lot for Miss Cowl. For years she played the most impeccable ladies—virtuous heroines who spent most of the evening pleading with the leading man to go straight. In these roles, it must be granted, she acquired some measure of renown, but it was not until she became the clever criminal in "Within the Law" that international fame was hers. Score one for sin.

And now comes "Common Clay," bringing fresh laurels, and with Miss Cowl playing a character whose way would scarcely receive the sanction of the innermost church circles. But on the question of bad women and good the impersonator of Ellen Neal will now take the floor:

"Ellen," said Miss Cowl, "is not what I would call a bad woman. She wants to be good, but the circumstances are such that she simply can't be. In the parlance of Broadway, she is up against it. So was Mary Turner, in 'Within the Law.' Ellen Neal has a good heart, and consequently the sympathy of the audience is with her—if that weren't the case I don't think I could play the part.

"There are two kinds of women, in fact, whom I wouldn't care to play. One of them is the utterly ruthless, wicked-all-the-way-through kind—the sort found in 'The Typhoon' and 'A Fool There Was.' The other is the extremely good kind—the sheltered girl who never has known temptation, and consequently is about as interesting as a week in Louisville.

"To be interesting a girl must have one of two things—either a colossal amount of brains or a colossal amount of experience."

Then came the question that is asked at all interviews: "Looking back over all the parts that you've had, which one do you like best?"

But Miss Cowl proved herself an exceptional interviewee. "Oh, you know the answer to that," she smiled. "Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't dare mention any part except the one I'm playing now. It would never do. But I like any part so long as it's—well, so long as it's a good part. What's a good part? Why, one that has plenty of clash in it.

"And there's another thing I wish you'd mention in the paper. I simply love to play comedy, and it's so seldom I get a chance. There was some excellent high comedy in 'The Outsiders,' but it never came into New York. Won't some manager offer me a comedy?"

So there is a chance for some manager. Won't he offer Jane Cowl a comedy? But there is little use in his doing so for one or two or three seasons, because "Common Clay" will probably keep her occupied for quite a while.

"Road to Happiness" Was a Long Lane for Hodge

Star at the Shubert Spent Years in Playing Small Towns with Repertory of Thrillers.

In one respect William Hodge is as big a rube off the stage as on. He smokes a pipe. With most of the make-up still on his face, he likes to sit in his dressing room at the Shubert just after the curtain has gone down on "The Road to Happiness," put his feet on a trunk eighteen or twenty feet away from where he's sitting—and smoke. Nor is he averse to reminiscing a little, though it keeps his chauffeur waiting at the stage door.

"There was a man in here just before the performance to-day—an old actor by the name of H. J. Irving. He's blind. I helped to put him in the Actors' Home. He was playing heavies in Gus Hill's company twenty-two years ago, when I broke into the game, and he was the first man that ever gave me a word of encouragement. I used to be getting fired all the time.

"My, but I must have been rotten. I was property boy—what they called fifth man. I played all the bits, no matter if there were a dozen of them in a performance. I had a boy with me in 'The Man from Home' who was probably a good deal like I used to be. He was assistant stage manager, and he was always making mistakes. I fired him and took him back half a dozen times.

"A lot of people think the first thing I ever did was Stubbins in 'Mrs. Wiggs,' but they don't know about those twenty-two years. I toured at the head of my own company for three years. We played week stands in small towns, with a change of bill every night. Where there were no theatres we played halls. We had a company of five men and three women, and did plays like 'East Lynne,' 'Jerry, the Tramp,' 'The Irish Detective' and 'The Hidden Hand.' It was great experience.

"Thirteen years ago I was with James A. Herne in 'Sag Harbor.' It was a fine part, though it was only six sides. Herne was great on types; he understood the American 'small people' better than anybody I know.

"Then there were musical comedies—all sorts of them. I played in George Ade's 'Peggy from Paris,' then in 'Mrs. Wiggs' and after that down at Weber's. I had a great time that year. I took Fields's place—the Dutchman and the rube. It was a great hit; we came close to staying together as Weber and Hodge. I had one song, 'The Volunteer Fireman,' that was so funny that Victor Herbert used to laugh at it while he was leading the orchestra.

"I liked that year because it was so easy. While I was on the stage I had more fun than the audience, and off the stage I spent all the time playing checkers with Joe, in the dressing room. It's different in this play. To get it across, I've got to believe every bit of it myself. When I'm putting in that window I've got to be doing it as though I meant it. There's no time in a play like this to think of the funny side.

"It's the spirit of youth that makes this play a success. It's hard for an old man to put over a play like this. The public likes the fighting spirit that goes with youth.

"Will I ever do any other kind of plays? I don't think so. As I look at it, it would be darned conceited of me to try them. I'd be saying to the public: 'Of course, you like me in this, but wait until you see how much better I can do the other thing.' I feel toward the public just as though they were guests at my hotel. If they ask for steak, I'd be a sucker to give them pork, wouldn't I?

"I'm well satisfied just to give them the thing they like to see me in. Perhaps that's the reason I've been so successful. On the other hand, it may be because I'm the only person doing this sort of work at present. As George Ade used to say, anybody can win unless there happens to be a second entry.

"American types—that's what I expect to continue playing. I'll never play a foreigner.

"Do I ever get tired of them? Oh, yes, once in a while. But I'd go nutty if they told me that I couldn't play them any more."

"BILLY, JR.," AT COMEDY

William Elliott will present a new play, "Billy, Jr.," by Katherine Browning Miller and Allena Kanka, at the Comedy Theatre to-morrow afternoon.

In the company are Milton Sills, Gladys Wynne, Mac Macomber, Roland Rushton, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, Manton Marble, Thomas Gunn, Mattie Ferguson, Ernest Truex, Charles J. Harris, F. Gaillard, Eleanor Stone and Marie Rose.

Record for "Birth of a Nation."

"The Birth of a Nation" will reach its five-hundredth presentation in New York City on Tuesday. The attendance last week was the largest of the twenty-seven weeks it has been on Broadway. During its run the play has been seen by more than 300,000 persons.

EMMA JANVIER, IN "SOME BABY."

"My Lady's Garter" To Be Seen at Booth Theatre

Novel of Jacques Futrelle Put Into Four-Act Comedy Drama by Lee Morrison.

The Booth Theatre will begin its regular fall and winter season on Thursday with a new comedy drama in four acts, "My Lady's Garter," a dramatization of Jacques Futrelle's novel by Mr. Lee Morrison.

The action of the play closely follows the theme of the book. The central figures that are involved in the plot are a wealthy New Yorker whose hobby is the collecting of antiques and are objects; his daughter, a wild, untamed creature who has her own ideas in the matter of matrimony, an English detective of the Scotland Yard variety, an American detective, more blunt and less polite than his English colleague; a notorious gentleman thief, known as The Hawk, and a young American of a decidedly adventurous spirit.

The cast includes Robert Dempster, Paul Everton, Wallace Worsley, Cecil Owen, Albert Sackett, Louis Kimball, Robert Rogers, Harry Stafford, Louis Thiel, Harry Scarborough, Leslie Hunt, Clyde Vaux, Miss Miana Gombel, Miss Louise Mackintosh and Miss Elsie Glynn.

"DADDY LONG-LEGS" BACK

Ruth Chatterton Returns to the Gaiety Theatre.

Ruth Chatterton will begin a special engagement in "Daddy Long-Legs" at the Gaiety Theatre with a matinee to-morrow, Labor Day. There will be, in addition, the customary Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Henry Miller has surrounded Miss Chatterton with the same company that appeared with her during the all-season run at the Gaiety Theatre last year.

"OUR CHILDREN" TO OPEN

George Mooser, in association with Miss Elizabeth Marbury and F. Ray Comstock, will present "Our Children," a three-act comedy drama by Louis K. Anspacher, at Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Friday.

The cast will include Emmett Corrigan, Miss Christine Norman, Ralph Morgan, Arthur Lewis, Alphonz Ethier, Albert Bruning, Miss Alma Tell, Miss Elizabeth Aariens, Miss Rose Ludwig, Gavin Harris and John McKee.

WHERE AND WHY PLAYS CONTINUE

"Young America" at Astor Has Appeal Which Is Universal.

AUDIENCES LARGE AT "COMMON CLAY"

"Road to Happiness" Gives Hodge a Chance to Portray His Favorite Type.

"Young America," at the Astor, is a delightful comedy by Fred Ballard. Jasper, a trained dog, and a whole troupe of children add much to a play which is splendidly acted throughout. It is a play which will appeal to young and old.

"Common Clay," at the Republic, is a frank and powerful sex play, in spite of certain crudities. Cleves Kinkead is the author. The cast includes John Mason, Jane Cowl, Russ Whytal, Dudley Hawley, Robert McWade and several other well known players. It is decidedly a play for the sophisticated.

"The House of Glass," at the Candler, is a drama, or melodrama, if you choose, concerning the long arm of the law. Mary Ryan, the chief player, is provided with much emotional opportunity, and much of the acting in her support is excellent. Max Marcin is the author. There are no blushes.

"Rolling Stones," at the Harris, is a lively, if somewhat involved farce-comedy by Edgar Selwyn. The chief honors in acting fall to Charles Ruggles.

"The Road to Happiness," at the Shubert Theatre, is a conventional rural drama which gives William Hodge ample chance to exploit his popular personality. The play comes to New York with the record of long runs in Chicago and Boston. It is decidedly a play for the unsophisticated.

"The Blue Paradise," at the Casino Theatre, is a wholly admirable and delightful musical comedy. It is one of the most tuneful Viennese operettas which New York has seen. Cecil Lean is the featured player. There are some excellent voices in the company.

"The Last Laugh," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is an amusing farce, in which Edward Abeles is featured. In an excellent supporting company Miss Inez Plummer is prominent.

"The Passing Show," at the Winter Garden, which has been running all summer, is typical of the attractions which have appeared at that house. It is, of course, well equipped in chorus, and there is a large cast of well known principals. The dancing of Theodor Kossloff and Mme. Baldina and Marilynn Miller in two big ballets is a feature.

"The Boomerang," at the Belasco, is a light comedy excellently conceived and acted with rare skill. The cast includes Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger, Arthur Byron and Ruth Shepley. The play was written by Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith. "The Boomerang" may be recommended as an excellent show for mixed doubles, but then, its appeal should be well-nigh universal among people of discrimination.

"The Ziegfeld Follies," at the New Amsterdam Theatre, begins its last two weeks. The show affords excellent entertainment, providing as it does clever work by a number of specialists. Prominent among the players are Ina Claire, Mae Murray, Leon Errol, Ed Wynn, W. C. Fields and Bert Williams.

The new Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, "Just Girls," on the New Amsterdam roof, is designed for after-the-theatre entertainment. It is light, cabaret sort of business, and enlists the services of several clever people. Will Rogers, the amusing cowboy, is the feature, with his lasso tricks. Of course, there is a comely chorus, which is costumed with more charm than discretion.

"Chin-Chin," at the Globe, seems to have lost none of the popularity which carried it through last season. New songs and dances have been introduced, but all the old fun of Montgomery and Stone is retained.

"Some Baby," at the Fulton, is a farce built on broad but amusing lines. Frank Lalor, well known for his work in musical comedy, has an excellent opportunity for the employment of his successful comic methods in his part as an addle-brained scientist. Emma Janvier does excellent work after her well known angular manner.

"Cousin Lucy," at the Cohan Theatre, is a musical farce designed to exploit Julian Eltinge, whose specialty is female impersonation. The actor wears both skirt and trousers in the play, which affords him an opportunity to jump from sex to sex. The musical numbers are tuneful. If you like Julian Eltinge and his art, "Cousin Lucy" is sure to please.

"No. 33 Washington Square," at the Park Theatre, is a farce built around May Irwin. It is a dramatization by Leroy Scott of his well known novel and affords Miss Irwin many comedy chances. Leonard Hollister as a crook scores a hit only second to that of the star.

"Under Fire," at the Hudson Theatre, is a war melodrama by Roi Cooper Megrue. The play contains many thrills, including the blowing up of a British trench. William Courtenay is the hero and Violet Heming and Frank Craven are other members of a good cast who attract attention. It is only fair to say that pro-Germans who see the play are likely to be vexed.

"See My Lawyer," at the Eltinge Theatre, is a farce by Max Marcin. T. Roy Barnes has splendid fun making opportunities in the chief part.

"The Girl Who Smiles," at the Longacre, is a pleasingly tuneful musical comedy. Natalie Alt sings to fine advantage a score which is much above the ordinary. The comedy interest is slight but adequately handled by a capable company.

MARIE TEMPEST AT LYCEUM

Comedienne Will Be Seen in Double Bill.

Marie Tempest and a company headed by Graham Browne, as leading man, will appear in two plays at the Lyceum Theatre from to-morrow night on—or rather two comedies.

Miss Tempest will, during the first part of the evening, act the chief comic character in Robert Marshall's three-act comedy, "The Duke of Killicrankie." Afterward she will assume the entirely different role of Rosalind, in J. M. Barrie's one-act play of that name, thus far never given in New York.